

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



A DARK ERRAND.

## HURLOCK CHASE.

BY C. E. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A CITY ARMY."

CHAPTER LII.—MR. GILBERT IN TROUBLE.

LEAVING Mr. Crickett, for the present, to continue his evening walk, and falling back a few hours in the course of our past narrative, we follow Mr. Gilbert in his solitary ride through Hurlock Chase. And, as we have ventured to reveal some of the busy thoughts which may be supposed naturally to have occupied the mind of the former gentleman, we may with equal certainty trace the current of the squire's reflections as he slowly paces on.

"The net is drawing in all round me," so he pondered. "Everything is going wrong; and only ruin—black ruin—lies before me. The vultures have already scented it, and are whetting their beaks, ready to fall upon the carcass. That Wainfleet—he knows more than I should have suspected; the busy, meddling, prying lawyer! without pity, without remorse.

"There is only one hope. If this venture succeeds, I may tide over the next six months; and then some other chances may turn up. At any rate, it will give breathing-time; and at the worst——" He paused, and checked his steed while he wiped his hot, moist brow, while a

shudder passed over his whole frame. "Well, and at the worst, others have done it; and—"

"But it must and shall succeed," he went on, after shaking off the horrible suggestions which had passed through his mind. "The plans are all well laid, and I can depend on the men: their own interests are too deeply at stake. That fellow Crickett is a host in himself, and staunch to the back-bone; and Wincheap, and Parsley, and Captain Thomas, old handsall of them—they can't fail this time; and it will be five thousand pounds, good, to me."

"But, meanwhile, I must have help. That Jason Brooke, I hate him, hate him, hate him; but he must help me; he shall. I am glad I know that of him. It was almost worth having half a dozen writs served upon me, instead of one, to learn what I have learned to-day of that scoundrel. Oh, a precious son-in-law! Thanks, Mr. Wainfleet, for letting me into that little bit of his secret history."

"Poor Clara!" Mr. Gilbert whispered to himself, as some faint scintillations of natural feeling mingled with the more selfish and sordid reflections of his troubled soul. "Poor Clara! it would have been happier for her if she had kept to her first lover. But it was not my doing, it wasn't. Mrs. Gilbert may taunt me as she pleases about my having ruined our girl's happiness by forcing her into a match she detested. It is an abominable thing to charge me with that. Clara wanted it. If she didn't want Jason Brooke, she wanted Hurlock Chase; and she has got it. What business have they to tell me it was my doing?"

"And Harry Rivera, how much better would he have been than Jason Brooke? If he had married Clara, he wouldn't have had Vincent Fleming's leavings. And, besides, I hate that fellow too; yes, I do, with his grand manner, and his aristocracy and morality and all the rest of it. What business had he ever to set himself up to be wiser and better than the rest of the world? I remember his presuming to lecture me once—me—me—about smuggling, knowing all the while, as I dare say he did, that I was mixed up with the trade. I hated him ever after that; and—yes, I will hate him. Pshaw! I hate everybody, I think," continued Roger Gilbert, in self-communing, once more taking out his handkerchief and mopping his face.

He had arrived at "The Hurlocks" by this time; and, with more easy assurance in his manner than in his heart, he rode up to the hall door and rang the great loud clanging visitors' bell. A groom was quickly summoned.

"You need not take him into the stables, Joshua: lead him about. I may not be half an hour in-doors," said Roger Gilbert, in self-condescending tones, as he dismounted. And then he entered the hall with a jaunty step, as much as to say to the attendant footman, "I am not afraid of your master; I am quite at home here, you see."

"Mr. Brooke, sir, or my lady?" asked the servant, stolidly. He cared very little for "my lady's" father, or any of her kin. He was Mr. Brooke's man; and a separation of interests, both social and domestic, had long ago taken place at "The Hurlocks." The servants understood this very well, and acted upon it.

"Your master," replied Mr. Gilbert, as carelessly as he was able. "I—I'll step into the library."

"Mr. Brooke is riding out on the Chase, sir; but it's like he'll be in in half an hour," said the footman, as he led the way and opened the door of the library; and, before the visitor could reply, he disappeared.

It was a grand room, that library. Some of the former proprietors of Hurlock Chase had been bookish men;

and great folios, squat quartos, and modest octavos were ranged on the shelves in due order. In spite of his perturbation of spirits, Roger Gilbert looked round him with a half-scornful grimace, which had not entirely vanished from his countenance when another door gently opened and his daughter stood before him.

"Clara, my dear!" Roger Gilbert extended his hand as he said this, and led his daughter to a couch. He was not usually very demonstrative; but Clara was his only child, and there was a touch of tenderness on his stony heart as he looked on the young mistress of "The Hurlocks."

Clara was sadly altered. A change, such as time alone never produces, had passed over her since the day when we first introduced her to our readers. It was not that her bodily health had given way; for her strength was as firm, her pulse as strong and equable, and her cheeks were as full and delicately tinted, as in the first flush of her young womanhood. But care sat heavily on her brow, and the combined and yet conflicting passions of discontent, and hatred, and contempt, and fear, which boiled in her very soul, were to be seen in every fierce glance of her liquid hazel eyes, and inspired every involuntary movement of her countenance.

The conversation that followed is not pleasant to record, but it is well to show in undisguised language the misery that is sure to follow wrong-doing.

"It is a long time since I saw you last, father," she said.

"Not so very long, Clara," returned Mr. Gilbert, soothingly. He had learned to be almost afraid of his own daughter, and to dread an interview with her.

"It is long," she said, passionately; "and this visit is not intended for me, I suppose. But it does not matter. I saw you ride up to the door; and—and I have something to say to you. But perhaps you would rather not hear it?"

"My dear Clara, how can you say so? It is very true my visit is to Mr. Brooke, on business principally; but you don't think I should have gone away without seeing you?"

"I suppose you would have asked to see me, and would have said 'How d'ye do, Clara?'" Her lip curled as she said this. "But it does not matter," she repeated. "You must hear what I have to say now."

"My dear girl—"

"I am not a girl; and I won't be spoken to as a girl," Clara said, firmly. "A girl! Oh, I wish I were a girl again! Father, I am very miserable."

"I am sorry, Clara, very sorry to hear you say so. You have said this before, you know; but I was in hopes—"

"You were not in hopes; you could not be in hopes of any change, father," said Clara, impetuously. "You know what my husband is; and how can you have any hopes?"

"But, my dear, this is very sad, you know," replied the squire, with painful nervousness. "It was 'for better or for worse' that you married Mr. Brooke; and if he is not just what we might have expected, you should try to make the best of it."

"And who was it that made me marry? Oh, father, father!" she broke out in tones of reproachful anguish, "if you had only told me what was before me—had only said that the man who teased me into being his wife was a bad, base man!"

"How could I tell you that, Clara, when I did not know it myself?" demanded Roger Gilbert, almost angrily.

"You did know it, father: if you did not know all

his badness and baseness, you might have known enough to warn me, instead of urging me on, and telling me of my grand prospects which everybody would envy."

"My dear Clara, this is very foolish. How can you wonder and complain that I do not come to see you often, when every time we meet you begin on this terribly uncomfortable theme? If your husband has faults, you should hide them, and not tell them to all the world."

"You are not all the world, father," retorted the young wife; "and to whom should I speak of my wretchedness if not to you? Oh, if you had only—but I am rightly punished. I treated Harry Rivers basely, basely; and you made me do it; and now it is come home to me."

"This is too bad, Clara. I did not make you do anything of the sort. You wanted to be mistress of 'The Hurlocks' and Hurlock Chase, and you have your wish. Is it my fault that you are disappointed? And it is really wicked of you, Clara," added Mr. Gilbert, with an assumption of virtuous horror, "to be remembering and looking back on that girlish folly of yours with regret. You ought to banish all thoughts of Mr. Rivers from your mind. No wonder you are unhappy."

While her father was speaking Clara rose from the sofa on which she had been seated, and walked impatiently towards the window. All through the dialogue which had passed, and of which we have given but a brief and imperfect report, her cheeks had retained their natural colour and her eyes were unmoistened. When she turned she was deeply flushed from neck to brow, and tears of passion were rolling down her cheeks.

"Have you done, father?" she asked.

"Done, my dear Clara?"

"Done preaching—finished your lecture. That is what I mean, you know."

"I have nothing more to say, my child."

"Hear me, then. I am not going to reproach you again; and you may spare your reproaches. I know I am a wretched woman, and you know what has made me so—"

"It is an old story," interposed Roger Gilbert, softly.

"It is an old story, father, and very tiresome, I have no doubt; and I am not going to repeat it. You say it is very wicked to look back on the past, and to wish that I had never married the man whom I have sworn to honour and obey as my husband; and it is very wicked, no doubt. No; hear me out, father—" for Mr. Gilbert made an attempt to interrupt his daughter's rapid flow of speech.

"At any rate, speak more quietly, my dear child. If you should be overheard?"

"It matters very little whether or not I am overheard," continued Clara: "overheard! do you suppose it is anything very novel that I am saying? Do you imagine that there is a scullery-girl or a stable-boy in this house or around it who does not know as well as you do the terms on which their master and mistress live together? I must be heard. I say it is very wicked, no doubt, that I don't love my husband: you need not tell me that. And it is very wicked, too, to think of what might have been, but what never can be now, if I had been better guided by those who ought to have taught me what I did not know. Oh, father, father," said the passionate and despairing woman, "there was a time when one kind and unselfish word from you would have prevented all this misery!"

"My darling, darling girl; my poor daughter; why reproach me with this? And besides, it is not, cannot be true."

"It is true, father. You know how ill I was. Oh, I wish I had died then! and it is wicked to wish that, no doubt; but I do wish it. Well, you know what caused my illness: why did you not tell me then, as you must have known, that I—"

"Clara, I will not hear any more of this," broke in Mr. Gilbert. "You are mad to say what you are saying."

"Not mad, not mad yet, father, only almost; but I know what I am saying, and you must hear me. You say," she continued, pressing her hand to her bosom, as though to keep down its tumultuous throbbings—"you say that it is wicked to think of the man who might have been my husband but for your selfishness and my vile ambition. It is wicked, no doubt; but are there no other wickednesses in the world than this?"

"Clara, Clara, you shock me," exclaimed Roger Gilbert.

"I must shock you yet more, then, father. I told you I had something to say; not the old story of my husband's baseness—that you know quite well—but something new. Father, I will endure it no longer. I will leave this hateful place."

"Clara!"

"I must be separated from the man who calls me his wife. This is what I have to say. I must be—I will be; and you who—no, I will not reproach you, but you will be my kind, good father once more." She sunk on her father's outstretched arm, and hid her weeping face in his bosom. "Save me, O father, save me from my wretchedness," she sobbed; and then, as her ears caught the sound of an approaching horseman on the hard road beneath the library windows, whom she rightly judged to be her husband, she hastily disengaged herself, and in another moment Roger Gilbert was alone.

"I'd have given a hundred pounds for this not to have happened just now," he presently said, or thought, as he tried to compose himself—"a hundred pounds," he repeated involuntarily, aloud.

#### CHAPTER LIII.—MR. GILBERT'S SON-IN-LAW.

"DONE, and done, for a hundred pounds!"

A strong, harsh voice uttering these words startled Roger Gilbert; who, on turning to the quarter whence it came, beheld his son-in-law.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting your soliloquy, Mr. Gilbert," continued Jason Brooke, advancing, but showing no signs of gratification. "I did not know that I was to be honoured with a visit from you to-day, or I would have remained at home to receive you. You have been waiting some time, I am told. You must have found it insufferably dull in this room, all alone, too."

"Clara has been with me, Mr. Brooke," replied Roger Gilbert, who deemed it expedient to own to having seen his daughter, though he had no intention of entering upon the particulars of the interview.

"So I am told, Mr. Gilbert," rejoined the host; "but not the less dull for that, I should suppose," he added, with a sneering smile. "Tastes differ, however; and—"

"Mrs. Brooke is my daughter, sir," interposed the Squire of Fairbourne Court, with an assumption of dignity which sat uneasily upon him because of the object of his visit. The dignified tone was accompanied, therefore, by an appealing, propitiatory glance and gesture, as though he had added, "We will not quarrel, my good sir, even if you choose to deny the proposition."

"You did not find Mrs. Brooke's society dull, then," said Jason, without losing the sneer: "I am glad of it. Would you tell me, now, how you manage to extract amusement from the lady who honours me by being my wife?"



"You are facetious this afternoon, Mr. Brooke," remarked Roger Gilbert, uneasily. "Well, sir, having enjoyed your joke," he added, "I should be glad of a few words on business, totally unconnected with my daughter."

"I give you my word I was not joking, Mr. Gilbert. My marriage is a subject I have quite left off being facetious about, I assure you. But, as you say or imply, the subject is too insignificant to detain us from business. What is it, sir? You mentioned a hundred pounds, I think."

"A-hem! that was a slip of the tongue: I was—in fact, I was just thinking aloud. I did not know you were in the library, Mr. Brooke. We will pass that, if you please."

"By all means, as you please. It was not a bet, a wager, then, after all. I was in hopes it was: I should have won it, at a dead certainty, though I do not know what it was about—eh?"

"You know I never wager, Mr. Brooke."

"True. You go a surer way to work, Mr. Gilbert," the other retorted. "Well, passing that—"

"Passing that." The Squire of Fairbourne paused a moment, as you, reader, may have seen a timid and nervous swimmer pause before taking the half-dreaded plunge. "Passing that, Mr. Brooke, I—I have ridden over this afternoon, to—to ask a favour, sir."

"A favour! No, surely! You accused me, a minute ago, of being facetious, Mr. Gilbert. The facetiousness is on your side now."

"I am quite serious, indeed. The—the fact is, I am—but this will explain;" and, extracting an oblong slip of paper from a bulky pocket-book, he laid it before his son-in-law, who lifted his eyebrows and his upper lip as he took it in his hand and glanced at it, then passed it back again.

"A copy of a writ, I see. Heavy amount, too; very. Well, and what am I to make of it, Mr. Gilbert?"

"It is very awkward, is it not?"

"Very awkward; at least I should say so. But you know your own affairs better than I do," said the host, coolly, and apparently unmoved.

"What do you make of it, Jason?" asked the visitor, who affected a familiarity with his son-in-law which assuredly he did not feel.

Mr. Brooke shrugged his shoulders. "In ordinary cases I suppose there is nothing for it but to pay; that is to say, if the debt be a just debt, as I presume this to be."

"I am not going to dispute it, at any rate," replied Roger Gilbert.

"Then you *will* pay, of course: no difficulty with a man of your resources. I wonder, now, that you should have taken the trouble to come all the way from Fairbourne to make me your confidant. I am highly honoured, certainly; but it wasn't wise, was it? However, if I am to give advice, I would say, Don't show that document to everybody you may chance to meet on your way home."

If Roger Gilbert had expected to obtain sympathy and ready assistance from his son-in-law, he was mistaken. At all events, he would vainly have looked for any outward and visible signs of either in the words or tones or looks by which his intelligence was answered. Calm, and undisturbed, and cynical, Jason Brooke looked across the library table at his wife's father with an expression on his countenance which seemed to state, "You have obtained what you came for: now begone." But Mr. Gilbert was in desperate straits, and he persevered.

"You will give me more than advice, Jason," he said,

confidentially. "The truth is, that just at the present time I am unable to meet this demand. You understand me?"

Jason Brooke again shrugged his shoulders, but he did not speak.

"That is to say," continued the squire, "it may be a week or two, or a month or two, before—"

"A year or two, perhaps," said the son-in-law, in the same tone.

"No, no; a month or two at farthest, and I shall be able to tide over the difficulty; but meanwhile—"

Roger Gilbert paused once more, and glanced across the table at Jason Brooke, who repeated—

"But meanwhile?" interrogatively and imperturbably.

"Meanwhile I must look up some money somewhere," said Squire Gilbert, desperately.

"Exactly so: I understand. It seems to be the best thing you can do," returned Clara's husband.

"Ah! I was sure you would see it so, my dear Jason." Mr. Gilbert did not often address his son-in-law so affectionately; but the occasion warranted a little hypocrisy, he thought. "I was sure you would see it in that light, and that you would not refuse to assist me."

"Stay. Let us understand one another; for I think we are in the dark at present," said Mr. Brooke. "You want money—as far as I can judge, three or four thousand pounds to begin with. Now, there's your own bank at L—: go there."

Roger Gilbert shook his head. "You forget, Jason, that I have only a small and limited interest in that concern; and, to tell you the truth, I—in fact, I would rather be obliged to a friend than appear before the partners there *in formâ pauperis*."

"In other words, your account is already overdrawn some few thousands. I heard so the other day, but I didn't think much of it: it was no business of mine, you know. Well, the bank is closed against you. So much the worse. Try your brewery, then."

"Who dared tell you that lie about the bank?" demanded Mr. Gilbert, with an assumption of bravery which did not conceal the cowardice of his sinking heart. He might brand the report as a lie; but he knew better. "But it does not signify," he added, in almost the same breath: "I will find out, another day, who my traducers are."

"Quite right, Mr. Gilbert; but, as you say, it does not signify now: the question is about the money; and I suggest the brewery," said the host.

"I have nothing to do with the brewery, Mr. Brooke. I thought you knew I had parted with my share in it. And if I had not—"

"And if you had not, there would have been no use in it, you would say. I dare say you are right. Well, you have lots of strings to your bow. Like the fox in the fable, you know a hundred tricks, begging your pardon for the comparison. There's your mercantile firm, you know."

Roger Gilbert shifted uneasily in his chair. "It is that unlucky firm that has brought me into this—this trifling difficulty," he said.

"That's unfortunate. I heard something of that, too," returned Jason Brooke, who seemed to take a malicious gratification in probing the sore of his visitor. "But, as you say, the difficulty is only trifling, after all, to a man of your resources. And that reminds me of the other trade. How does that go on, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Hush! my dear sir: not a word about that," returned the smuggling chief, in a cautious whisper. "Not

that I can have the slightest suspicion or fear, you know ; but, since you have declined to take part in these small ventures, as a matter of etiquette, you see, and of precaution, and with due consideration to your own——"

"There, that will do, Mr. Gilbert," interposed the host, with a loud laugh: "I don't want to know your secrets, any of them, mind that."

"However," continued Roger Gilbert, "I may just hint that in another week or two——"

"Hint nothing of the sort, sir: I may have heard something of that too; but that's neither here nor there. And now, I think, I have given you my best advice about that trifling difficulty" (an emphasis on "trifling"), "and, as you may be in a hurry to return to Fairbourne——" Mr. Brooke rose as he spoke.

"But stay, my dear Jason," the visitor said, hastily, with some agitation of voice and manner: "you promise to give me the assistance I want?"

"I promise, my good sir! not I."

"But, Mr. Brooke, I have shown you how needful it is."

"Needful for you: yes, but not for me; and I do not see yet why I should mix myself up with your affairs. We are connected closely enough already," said the master of Hurlock Chase, savagely.

"It is that very connection, Jason, that gives us jointly and separately a—a kind of claim, a family claim, you know, on each other."

"You think so? Now, do you really think so, Mr. Gilbert?" asked Mr. Brooke, curiously.

"I do indeed; and perhaps there may be other claims. I won't speak of them, however, if you will only unloose your purse-strings. I am not in the habit of asking such favours; but I do ask it now," said the humiliated owner of Fairbourne Court.

"And I refuse it."

"Think of the consequences," pleaded Roger Gilbert, rising in agitation.

"The consequences! Why, yes, they are pretty clear. We know what generally follows a writ. First, an execution; then—tell me what then, Mr. Gilbert."

"My dear friend, you are only playing with my feelings. If this affair should get wind——"

"There's no doubt but it will get wind," observed Mr. Brooke, coolly.

"Then I shall be ruined."

"True: the bank would go, with all the rest of your peddling, shopkeeping firms—*firms*, too!" And Jason Brooke laughed silently.

Roger Gilbert was stung. To be called a shopkeeper! "If you come to calling names, Jason," he said, flushed and excited, "what do you call yourself—with your furnaces and forges? There are those, Mr. Brooke, who would not hesitate to say that you are a black-smith."

"Well, and what then?"

"Yes, that is what I say, 'What then?' But then, why taunt me with *my* connection with trade, Jason? It is not kind, you know."

"That's as you like to take it. But you were talking about being ruined. Now I wish to know, supposing you are ruined, what is that to me?"

"It should be something to you, Mr. Brooke," returned the agitated man: "you would scarcely like to have it cast in your teeth that your wife's father had become a bankrupt."

"See what it is to build arguments and expectations on false premises," said the iron-master, gravely. "Do you know, now, that you are entirely mistaken in your judgment of my likes and dislikes, and that I would

give—let me see—ah, a hundred pounds—the hundred pounds you were about to be so free with just now—to have it in my power to say to Mrs. Brooke, 'Your father is a bankrupt, my love?'"

For a moment or two the unhappy father stood speechless, but not signless; for the dark shadow of hate, which he could no longer conceal or restrain, gathered on his countenance, while his hands were clenched in impotent fury. At length he spoke, if that can be called human speech which more resembled the hissing of a serpent articulating human words.

"Take care, Mr. Brooke, that you are not forestalled; that other intelligence does not first reach Clara's ear. I spoke of other claims upon you besides family claims. How would it be, Mr. Brooke, if I were to refer you back thirty years, to remind you of one who ought to have stood in a criminal dock if he did not (he did not go by the name of Jason Brooke then, you know), and who might narrowly have escaped hanging, only because there was a flaw in the indictment, and not that he was not guilty. You understand me, I see. Now, how much for my secrecy, Brooke, or Bagstaff, or whatever other *alias* you may choose to adopt?"

Jason Brooke broke into a scornful laugh. "So you have been closeted with my old friend, the lawyer Wainfleet, I see; and he has put you up to this move, has he?"

"It matters little or nothing where my intelligence comes from," retorted Roger Gilbert: "the question is, first, is it true? and next, how much is it worth to have it suppressed?"

"And the answer is," said the owner of Hurlock Chase, with mock courtesy, "first, I have little doubt that the intelligence is correct enough; and next, it is not worth a farthing to you. Shall I ring the bell, Sir Smuggler?" He rang it as he spoke, without waiting for a reply.

"Mr. Gilbert's horse; let it be brought round to the door," he said to the servant who came at the call.

Five minutes afterwards Roger Gilbert was galloping violently across the Chase, in the direction of Fairbourne Court.

#### CHAPTER LIV.—MR. CRICKETT STILL AT WORK.

TOPOGRAPHERS do not require to be informed that at the date of our story the town of B—— consisted of one main street, of very ancient houses, mostly. These houses exhibited many varieties of architectural style, and irregularly abutted upon loose, rough, and treacherous footways, scarcely worthy to be called pavements, and were jumbled together in charming democratic contempt of the rank and station of their occupants. Thus, for instance, the comparatively grand mansion of the chief magistrate of the borough, and a justice of the peace for the county, to boot, was flanked on one side by the wretched and dilapidated cottage of a drunken shoemaker, and on the other by "The Bell and Crown," a fourth-class pot-house of somewhat equivocal reputation.

In one particular, however, almost all the dwellings in the street enjoyed an equal privilege; namely, in the possession of long strips of garden at their rear, bounded at their extremities by high brick walls, and having lawful or permissional egress into meadows which communicated with the country beyond, on either side of the town. By means of these back entrances the good people of B—— were enabled to "take their walks abroad," by day or by night, without appearing in the street, or to receive visitors who courted privacy. There is little or no doubt that, in the high and prosperous times of smuggling of which our story treats, when probably every other inhabitant of the town was connected with the

*trade*, these private and secluded approaches to certain haunts and hides were extremely convenient, as affording much security and great facility to those engaged in evading the law. But this is now pretty nearly traditional.

On the September evening of the busy day already referred to in previous chapters a man, so muffled in a woollen comforter as to leave scarcely more than his eyes exposed, so stooping in his gait as to exhibit the appearance of old age and feebleness, and so apparently lame as, even with the assistance of a stout stick, to drag one foot after the other with difficulty and pain, slowly wended his way from the outskirts of B—, first into a narrow and rugged lane bounded on either side by high garden hedges, also by a broad, deep, open sewer or ditch, down which ran the accumulated filth of one quarter of the town, and then, having escaped the perils of this pestiferous passage, into the more fragrant meadow in which it terminated. Here the old cripple seated himself on the ground to rest.

It was nearly dark, for the moon was past its full for that month, and had not yet risen, and a few stars which broke through the clouded sky cast only a dubious, glimmering light on surrounding objects. A strange fancy, one would have thought, of the old man, to be wandering alone at an hour when almost all the sober people of B— were, or were supposed to be, preparing for rest. But then there is no accounting for tastes.

Infirm as was the halting wanderer, his sense of hearing was sufficiently keen and on the alert. The slightest noise discomposed him as he sat at rest. The chirping of a grasshopper made him start, and a rustling in the grass, caused probably by the transit of a shrew-mouse, raised him on to his legs more quickly than might have seemed possible for one so feeble. Then, when the temporary fear had subsided, he once more pursued his way, keeping very close to the wall of which we have spoken.

He must have had the organ of investigation strongly developed on his cranium (only that he lived before the days of phrenological bumps), for, by the dim starlight, and half-gropingly, he examined with minute care, one after another, the old gates and doors which gave admittance into the gardens of the townfolk. At more than one of them he halted, as in perplexity, and gave tongue to some muttered sounds of discontent. At length, however, he came to a strong and ancient door, which apparently satisfied him. And now a striking change took place in the old man's entire demeanour. First of all he peered through the misty gloom on all sides, as though to make sure that he was unobserved; then he cautiously tried the door, which, however, resisted his efforts to open it.

"H—m! I thought so. Locked. There's no help for it. I must climb, then, that's all," the old man murmured, in a tone which, if overheard, would have sounded vastly like that of our old acquaintance William Crickett.

Another sharp, keen, penetrating glance around; and then, laying aside his stick, the disguised butler (for he it was) commenced scaling the high wall with an agility scarcely to be expected from one of his years, and which gave evidence of early training. Assuredly Mr. Crickett had had previous knowledge of garden walls, and of the easiest way of surmounting them.

Aided by inequalities in the surface of the wall, and by the hinges of the door, the climber soon reached the top, from which he cautiously dropped down on the garden side, and, without divesting himself of his facial disguise, cautiously and slowly proceeded along the path towards the house.

"It isn't the first time I have been here in the dark," he thought within himself, "though not on such an errand; and I ought to know my way to the back door. There's no dog kept, so I shall be safe."

While Mr. Crickett is thus self-communing we shall precede him, and introduce our readers to the interior of the dwelling towards which he is cautiously advancing like a thief in the night.

## SNAKES IN TASMANIA.

WHEN the British colony of Van Diemen's Land—now called Tasmania, after its discoverer, the Dutch navigator Abel Tasman—was opened up by enterprising settlers, these pioneers in the work of colonization encountered obstacles in clearing and cultivating the wilderness of no ordinary kind, among which not the least dangerous was the presence of venomous snakes. In walking through the "bush" it was necessary to have the legs below the knees protected by woollen leggings, in case these reptiles should attack the pedestrian if perchance he trod upon them as they lay concealed among the grass. It was only on such occasions that they would attack any one, as they almost invariably fled at the approach of man in the open lands, where they would retreat to their holes in the coverts. If, however, the person passed between the scared snake and its hole, it would rear itself up and show fight if the trespasser did not get out of the way, especially if it was a female snake, rushing to protect its young. The affection shown by this dreaded reptile for its brood is not exceeded by the most philoprogenitive of animals of the higher genera. Often has the writer of this article witnessed the gambols of snakes with their young brought out into the sunshine for recreation. Here the snakelings would be coiling and rolling over each other: there the mother would be watching them on the grass, her eyes and head darting about to see that no voracious enemy was at hand. Now she would take one in her mouth, and then another, and toss them playfully around: then they would cling to her glistening skin, the scales assuming a metallic brilliancy, with her excitement, which is never seen in the dead skin. Suddenly a kangaroo would jump out of a thicket, or some young colt bound past, when off she would spring like a flash of lightning, with her young ones in her mouth, vanishing into her covert.

As already mentioned, the settlers walked abroad with thick woollen leggings, which were supposed to absorb the poison from the fangs before they could puncture the flesh. In spite of these precautions, many fell victims to snake-bites, especially that of the common black snake of Australia, which was not only the most deadly in its venom, but the most numerous in the country and most varied in its *habitat*. While it was met with in the open forest-land and the dense "scrubs" that cover the mountain sides, it was abundant in the moist valleys, and frequent near ponds and running streams. Moreover, it showed an inclination to become domesticated, and during the cold nights would creep into the huts of the settlers, where it would coil itself up by the wood embers of a log fire.

Many instances were known, also, of snakes winding their way into the beds of the colonists, lying under the pillow or near the sleeper, to enjoy the warmth of the blankets. If the intruder happened to be a non-venomous serpent, such as the carpet-snake, there was no apprehension when the strange bed-fellow was discovered. But if the scales of the black snake were seen, then a deadly shudder would come over the awakened



asleep. In the early days of the colony the person thus situated would immediately look for a weapon or something to destroy the reptile; but often the fatal bite was felt before a blow could be given. Subsequently it was found that, if the snake was not disturbed, and enticed away by some food, no harm would follow, as it generally glided away. Many "hair-breadth escapes" are related of this kind by the early settlers. So frequent was the occurrence of bites from the venomous black snake, that the physicians circulated the most efficient mode of treating them to prevent fatal results. An emancipated convict held out that he had discovered an effectual antidote among the native vegetation, which he kept as a secret, and sold a decoction of, to his great pecuniary profit. But its efficacy was doubted; for death frequently followed the bite, notwithstanding its immediate application. To prove its virtue, this man submitted himself to be bitten by snakes of the venomous kind, and for years he carried on his trade as a dispenser of antidotes to snake-bites. But he died not long ago in Melbourne, from his own temerity, by the bite of a black snake: the poison of its fangs he failed to neutralize or render innocuous.

Besides the danger of snake-bites on the human subject, the evil extended itself to the flocks and herds of the settlers. As they prospered, they built substantial stone and brick houses, where nocturnal visitors of the snake tribe could not find ingress, as formerly, in their slab huts, with crevices all round through which these reptiles could insinuate their bodies. Then their live-stock had increased from hundreds to thousands, and then to tens and hundreds of thousands, and millions; so that they spread over the country wherever the snakes were found in their indigenous haunts. Many a fine horse, bull, or cow met with an untimely end from a snake-bite, as it was browsing on the uplands or drinking at the brooks. Instances are recorded where even the horse ridden by the settler, while riding after his cattle or crossing a stream, has been pounced on by this dangerous enemy, and a wound given from which the animal would die in agony after a few hours. In this way valuable horses and imported stock have been destroyed, and it became a matter of serious consideration to find out the best way of exterminating the venomous snakes.

The settlers petitioned the Government to find out a remedy for the growing evil; but they were apparently as little able to cope with the difficulty as the settlers themselves. At this juncture it happened that the late Sir John Franklin, the arctic navigator, was appointed Governor of Tasmania; from which post he retired to undertake the discovery of the famous north-west passage, accomplishing the task at the sacrifice of his life. His gifted and benevolent lady accompanied him during his governorship; and the remembrance of her good deeds will live long in the memory of the colonists, while her name is indelibly engraven on the monuments of that colony. Among her various attainments is her love of the physical sciences, especially zoology, botany, and geology. When not engaged in the duties of her high position, she was travelling through the wild and romantic glens, and scaling the rugged mountains of that island, which have been appropriately designated "the Highlands of Australasia." From these excursions she always returned to Hobart Town with a collection of new and interesting objects in natural history. These she deposited in a beautiful museum, built in the Grecian style, out of her own means, and charmingly situated in a vale, which she named Tivoli, as it reminded her of that town and its position in Italy.

While thus engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, she was not long in seeing the necessity of eradicating the snake evil. She consulted the settlers and authorities in the interior best able to give opinions on the matter, and came to the resolution that the speediest and most effectual way of getting rid of the snakes would be to offer a reward for every head that was brought to a responsible person appointed by the Governor. Without waiting for a grant from the legislature for the purpose, Lady Franklin proposed to disburse the reward-money out of the privy purse of herself and Sir John. It was consequently published throughout the colony that one shilling per head would be paid to any person bringing the head of a black or other poisonous snake to the nearest magistrate, who would destroy them by fire, to prevent their being brought a second time. Immediately snake-hunting became a favourite occupation of all the restless spirits who preferred a bush life to steady employment in the towns. For several years the extirpation of the black snake progressed, when it became a difficult matter to find one; so that it was discontinued. Some idea of the number destroyed may be gathered from the fact that in one year the sum of £750 was paid by the magistrates, showing that 15,000 were killed. Since then the island of Tasmania has been comparatively free from the ravages of poisonous snakes.

#### BISHOP MONRAD.

In the year now drawing to a close the affairs of Denmark have occupied a large space in the world's politics. When the history of the war with Germany comes to be written the name of Bishop Monrad will appear conspicuous as the leader of the Danish national cause. The foremost statesman in his country, he is acknowledged to be also one of the great public men in Europe.

Ditlev Gothard Monrad, Bishop of Laaland and Falster, was born at Copenhagen 24th November 1811. In his infancy he followed his father to Norway (then still belonging to Denmark); but, after some time, when his mother died, he came back and was brought up at the shop of his uncle, a merchant at Proestoe, with the view of learning business. However, the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Sotoft, known as a poet, discovered the unusual abilities of the young shopman, and, by his exertions, and the contributions of a few of the leading citizens, young Monrad was enabled to commence his studies, which he pursued with the utmost diligence and devotion. In spite of severe illness, he succeeded in taking his degrees with the greatest honours. Besides his ordinary studies, he devoted special attention to philosophy and the oriental languages: he not only read and knew the Old Testament in the original, but also, probably as a kind of recreation from his sterner studies, occupied himself in translating the "Arabian Nights" into Danish. He sometimes worked from sixteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and his friends and fellow-students often called at his rooms to talk with him, on purpose to prevent his overworking himself. Many of those friends have since, as well as Monrad himself, acquired a name in the history of Denmark; among others, the former Prime Minister Hall, Count Knuth, Barfod, and the historian Allen.

Monrad was unexpectedly, and without any preparation, called into the political arena, where he has since so much distinguished himself. It was on the evening of 3rd December 1839, the day when King Frederick VI had died, that Monrad accidentally encountered some of his intimate friends in the street: they were

going to a meeting where the question of asking the new king for a liberal constitution was to be debated, and persuaded him to come with them. After listening to some of the speeches, Monrad, who had never been a politician before, and never thought of the subject, rose and addressed the meeting in words which showed that he had at once grasped the whole question; and this speech it was which mainly determined the issue.

everything, we may mention that the first two leading articles he wrote in that paper were on the taxation of towns according to income, and on the public roads in Holstein. These articles exerted considerable influence. After having visited several countries in Europe, he published a work "On the Schools in several Protestant Cities, and Suggestions for the Reorganization of those of Copenhagen."



From that time forward he was looked upon as one of the chief leaders of the liberal and progressive movement; and, having once entered the ranks, he devoted the larger portion of his talents, energy, and time to politics.

Shortly after the said meeting he began to publish the "Political Fly-leaves;" but although he wrote with moderation, and possessed the art of being able to let the public "read between the lines," rather than actually to put down such things as would not at that time be tolerated, yet he, in one of his first numbers, brought upon himself an action for breach of the then existing press-laws.

In 1840 he became one of the editors of the "Fædrelandet" newspaper; and, as a proof of the versatility of his genius, and how he was at home alike in

In 1843 he became editor of the free press organ, "Dansk Folkeblad," in which he treated of the most different questions with his usual ability; he also delivered some famous lectures "On the History of Denmark since 1814." In 1846 he was called to the living of Vesterulslev, in Laaland, by the influence of his friend Count Knuth, and on the 23rd December afterwards he was elected Fourth Member of the Estates for the City of Copenhagen.

In 1848, when King Christian VIII died and Frederick VII ascended the throne, when the liberal cause at last triumphed and a free constitution was promulgated, and when the three years' war with Germany broke out, then Monrad was the right man in the right place, and took a very able part in all the memorable proceedings of those days. On the 22nd March

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he entered the ministry, holding the portfolio for churches and schools. He is generally considered as the chief framer of the excellent "Grundlov," or fundamental law of 1849, the passing of which, however, did not take place until another ministry had succeeded that of which he was a member.

In 1849 he was created Bishop of Laaland and Falster, and also elected a member of the Rigsdag (Parliament), in which assembly he, with a few months' exception in 1853, has continued to represent the fourth Maribo district up to this time. He was also now recently elected by the same constituency to the Rigsraad, or Assembly for Denmark Proper and Schleswig. He has always exercised considerable influence in the Assembly, but his position as to party has not always been well defined; and although unquestionably he is at heart the man of progress and judicious reform, yet he has often been considered to lean rather too strongly towards the so-called "Whole-state\* party;" and this may, perhaps, to some extent, have been the cause of his being intrusted with the formation of a new ministry to replace Hall's, of whose cabinet Monrad was also a member. As the other six members of the cabinet were not deemed very great politicians, Monrad has been jocularly called by the people at Copenhagen "the figure 1 in the million;" the other six being noughts (1,000,000).

After the deplorable evacuation of the Dannewerke, Monrad showed a firmness of policy which made his administration very popular with the Danish nation.

It is known to all how the Danish national party had afterwards to succumb to the force of events, and safer counsels prevailed in regard to the German war. In happier times it may be hoped that the intellect and character of Monrad may yet be of service to his country.

The special correspondent of "The Times" was present at the opening of the Rigsraad, when the royal message was read by Bishop Monrad as President of the Ministry. He gives the following personal sketch:—

"At 12 o'clock all the members were in their places, and, punctually as the clock struck, the ministers stood up, ranged in one line at the foot of the throne. Four of them wore military uniforms. In the middle was Bishop Monrad, in the black gown of a Lutheran divine, with the starched, circular, white frill round his neck, above which rose the stiff modern shirt-collar, close to the cheek on either side. Bishop Monrad is a man of a bland, dignified countenance, remarkable in spite of his somewhat low stature, shorter by an inch or two than any of the colleagues by his side. The face is broad, square, and massive; the expression sedate and collected. There are occasionally sly twitches about the mouth, however, suggestive of latent intelligence and humour. You see the shrewd statesman peeping out of the well-assumed blandness and composure of the churchman. His voice is calm and mellow and well modulated; the delivery slow, deliberate, and self-possessed; the tone is that of well-weighed episcopal homily; there is nothing of the action or emphasis of the stump-preacher."

Our portrait is from a photograph specially obtained for "The Leisure Hour."

#### A STANDING ARMY.

We are all so much accustomed, from the continued maintenance of an army, to regard its existence as one

of the permanent institutions of the country, that it may surprise those who are not conversant with the Mutiny Act to learn, from the opening words of that Act, that "the raising or keeping a standing army within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in time of peace, unless it be with the consent of Parliament, is against law."

The first "standing army" was that of Charles II, and consisted, in addition to the militia, of one thousand horse and four thousand foot. Parliament then vested in the sovereign "the sole and supreme power, government, command, and disposition of all forces" (14 Car. II, c. 3); and this power has remained practically to the present day, her Majesty's ministers exercising it by their advice to the sovereign, under responsibility to Parliament for any steps which the country may question or disapprove.

The limit, and the constitutional limit, of the sovereign's power was, however, first introduced in the time of William III and Mary (1 Wm. & Mary, sess. 2, c. 2, 1689), when the Charter, in effect known as the "Bill of Rights," was passed. In this it was laid down "that the raising and keeping of a standing army in time of peace, without consent of Parliament, is contrary to law."

These words, it will be seen, differ very little from those now used; and a custom or usage of over one hundred and fifty years is not easily disturbed (1689 to 1864).

In passing, we may remark on the very broad distinction which is maintained between the forces of the army and navy. The latter service, as regards our own shores, can act only defensively: it could not be called on for duty to support any sovereign who might be despotic and disposed to tyrannize over the rights of the people; and therefore the discipline of the navy and the marines afloat is secured by permanent statutes (see Erskine May's "Parliamentary Practice," p. 520; 22 Geo. II, c. 33; 20 Vict. c. 1), and Parliament vests the discipline in the hands of the sovereign.

The army, however, though obeying the orders of the sovereign, is, as regards number and discipline, annually brought under the consideration of Parliament by means of the Mutiny Act, the very first clause of which recites the number to be obtained and kept up, and the succeeding clauses are devoted to defining its economy and management, and its relation and connection with the civil authorities of the country, and the rights and privileges of all citizens and subjects with whom the military necessarily come in contact.

In the first Mutiny Act of 1689 the standing army was "judged necessary, . . . during this time of warr [sic] . . . for the safety of the kingdom, for the common defence of the Protestant religion, and for the reducing of Ireland." Happily now the strongest defence of the Protestant religion is in the force of its truth and not in the might of arms, and there is no expatriated king on the shores of Ireland to render a military force for the subjugation of himself or his followers necessary. The army at the present time, therefore, is "adjudged necessary . . . for the safety of the United Kingdom, the defence of the possessions of her Majesty's crown, and the preservation of the balance of power in Europe" (1864).

It is curious to examine the statistics of various countries, and to observe the results deduced therefrom. The following table shows, as far as can be ascertained (chiefly, however, collected from the general figures\* of a very useful publication, the "Statesman's Year-book, 1864"), the armies and populations of some of the

\* In Danish, *Heelstats*, the name applied to the party advocating a united government for the different parts of the monarchy.

empires and kingdoms, and the proportion which the standing army in each bears to the unit of population.

	Number of standing army.	Population.	About one soldier to the following numbers:—
Belgium	74,000	4,990,000	67
France, including Colonies	436,980	*37,382,000	85
Russia	890,850	74,000,000	84
Prussia	208,570	18,500,000	88
Austria	400,000	36,798,000	90
Spain	181,600	16,301,000	107
Italy	196,100	21,984,000	111
England and Colonies, exclusive of India	146,780	37,996,000	253

The result of the comparison is of course highly favourable to our own country; for though no army in the world can be so widely dispersed, yet the supremacy of our navy and the insular position of the country form safeguards which no continental nation, however otherwise favoured, can obtain. Whilst, however, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria maintain such enormous armies, they must always remain in an attitude of menace or defiance towards each other; and although, during the repose of peace, all may seem to work smoothly, yet it is obvious that, when international difficulties or complications arise, the emperors or kings fall back with complacency on their armies, particularly when the weight of words has ceased to enforce their views. This, truly enough, is somewhat of a digression; but the statistics appear fully to warrant it as a commentary, and at the same time to warrant still more forcibly the use of the words in our Mutiny Act, that a standing army is "judged necessary," not for the defiance of other countries, but "the defence of the possessions of her Majesty's crown."

"The raising and keeping of the standing army," when Parliament has granted the authority to the sovereign, are of course primarily delegated to the Secretary of State for War. It is hardly necessary to advert to the "raising" by recruiting, except as a matter of comparison. In the continental armies the military force is obtained by conscription: indeed, it may be doubted whether such large forces in relation to the population could be otherwise procured. In England, however, as was tritely remarked in a speech to his constituents by General Peel, the whole force is a volunteer one: there is no conscription, no compulsion, no kidnapping of unwilling hands for our military service. The recruiting sergeant may employ his clap-net, and beer and the recital of military glories may occasionally be potent for a night with the country lad; but there is always "a morrow;" and though the sergeant's flowery description of foreign lands, where ripe fruit of luscious flavour hangs but to drop into the mouth of the stander by, the rapid rise by promotion, illustrated by the moving sentence of "the recruit of to-day, the general of to-morrow," may succeed for the moment, they are in the result powerless; for twenty-four hours must elapse before the candidate is taken to a magistrate to be attested and sworn in, to "be faithful and bear allegiance to her Majesty, her heirs and successors;" the only penalty for a change of mind during the twenty-four hours after the receipt of the "Queen's shilling" being the payment of smart-money (£1).

When, however, the recruit is attested, he is bound for a period of not less than ten years for the infantry, or twelve for the cavalry, artillery, or engineers. Prior

\* The population of the colonies is not included, inasmuch as the European element is comparatively small and not accurately known.

to 1847 the enlistment period was unlimited, and the man could be held to serve until worn out and non-effective. Practically the period was not extended over twenty-one years, if the regiment was at home, or not on active duty; but if in the colonies, or any threatened active service was "looming in the future," the term might be greatly prolonged: in the first instance until the regiment was relieved from its tour of foreign duty, and in the second until all apprehension of any local outbreak or danger had ceased. The Limited Service Enlistment Act of 1847 was a great boon to the soldier, as, if tired of military life at the age of twenty-eight or thirty, he thereby became empowered to terminate his service and return to such pursuits or callings as his inclination might suggest, instead of being compelled to drag on indefinitely a career which, discordant to his taste, might only lead him to commit desertion or some rash act which would inevitably end in irretrievable ruin. The state also gained this advantage, that the ten years' service left no non-effective or dead weight behind it in the shape of pension; inasmuch as the pension for service can alone be obtained by the completion of twenty-one years' soldiering; for which, if no impediment exists, the soldier may, on the expiration of his first service, re-enlist and qualify.

It will be in the recollection of many, how some few years ago (in 1857) the public mind was startled by the announcement of the mortality in the army. A royal commission, presided over by Lord Herbert, had instituted inquiries, and the results were published, showing really an alarming state of things, inasmuch as soldiers, who were necessarily all picked lives (diseased or unhealthy men being rejected), were actually dying in a ratio far beyond that of the civil population. The primary cause assigned for this disastrous consequence was the state of the barracks; faulty construction, imperfect ventilation, and a want of appliance of proper sanitary arrangements. Vigorous measures were at once taken to cope with the enemy of disease, and the defects of construction, etc.; and whereas some years ago the mortality was, apart from deaths in the field, as in the first column below, it has now been reduced to that shown in the second.

RATIO OF DEATHS PER 1000 LIVING.

	Old averages.	1861.*
Household Cavalry	14	5.76
Cavalry of the Line	15	6.51
Royal Artillery	15	6.97
Foot Guards	21	7.76
Infantry	18	7.36

The ratio of mortality among the civil male population in England and Wales, during the year 1861, was 8.85. The sanitary arrangements of the army may therefore be fairly considered to be of a satisfactory nature as far as they have extended.

It is not a little curious to observe the precaution which is taken by Parliament to guard against any infringements of the people's rights when the soldiers cease to occupy barracks, i.e., are on the march. Every year a formal repetition is made in the Mutiny Act (clause 60, Act of 1863) of a concession wrung from Charles I in the third year of his reign, "that the people of the land are not by the laws to be burdened with the sojourning of soldiers against their wills." And,

\* The latest date shown in Army Medical Report presented to House of Commons in 1863.

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again, when Charles II was in need of money to pay off and discharge a certain number of his troops, Parliament, in granting him a supply of £206,462 17s. 3d. (every penny is recited in the Act), made a condition "that no officer, civil or military, nor other person whatsoever, should thenceforth presume to place, quarter, or billet any soldier upon any subject or inhabitant of this realm, of any degree, quality, or profession whatsoever, without his consent." But the Mutiny Act goes on to say, "Forasmuch as there is and may be occasion for the marching and quartering of regiments, etc., in several parts of the United Kingdom, the said recited Acts shall be suspended and cease to be of any force or effect during the continuance of this Act."

The Mutiny Act being, however, of limited duration, in the event of there existing a conflict of political parties in the House of Commons, and the Opposition refusing to repose any confidence in the Government for the time being, it would be quite competent for them to decline to pass the Mutiny Bill, and the result would be, that no soldier could be billeted upon an innkeeper or householder when the yearly Act expired: indeed, the result would be far graver; for, as Mr. Erskine May says, in his able "Parliamentary Practice," "The standing army in time of peace would be illegal, and the army would actually be released from all martial discipline and subordination."

There is a great variety of interesting topics which might be adverted to even in a brief sketch of the army; but as this paper has been written mainly to show the origin of a "standing army," perhaps reference should be restricted to a few only. It will be obvious that education, apart from the popular reasons usually assigned for its promotion, namely, the diminution of crime, etc., is a subject most desirable to be pursued in the army. General Sir John Burgoyne says (page 132),\* "A characteristic of the present age is division of work, and the substitution of skilled for unskilled labour, and nowhere are its effects more marked than in the organization of armies. Thus, the common soldier, the mere machine of pedantic military writers, the 'legs' and 'arms' of Marshal Saxe, now undergoes a process of training which, at the same time that it gives him a knowledge and command of his weapon, tends in a measure to develop his reasoning faculties, and to substitute skill and intelligence for what was before an instinct or mechanical action."

In fact, the soldier has not only to obtain the ordinary practical knowledge of his weapon, but, to encourage him in making that knowledge more essentially useful, he is instructed in the "construction of the rifle and the theoretical principles of rifle practice." These are carefully explained, with the aid of diagrams and all the usual applications of a lecture. As has been well observed, "If a soldier who does not know his alphabet is told that the course of a bullet, under the influence of powder, is a curved line called the trajectory,"† such a description would be, to him, simple nonsense; but the diagrams render the subject, in the hands of a good instructor, not altogether unintelligible; and it is gratifying to know that, though but slowly, education is still steadily advancing in the army. In 1858 the average number in the ranks unable to read or write was about twenty per cent.: it is now, however, reduced to something like seventeen per cent.; and an increase of about four per cent. has also arisen on the class who are said to "have a superior degree of education." Much, however, still remains to be done in this respect.

In garrison towns and camps it is most essential to provide for the soldiers wholesome, agreeable, and, if possible, instructive amusement during their recreation hours, in order to attract them from the snares and vicious temptations with which these places abound. It is remarkable that the earliest steps taken in this direction arose out of some remarks made in 1837 by the Inspectors of Prisons in Great Britain, on the confinement of military offenders. Drunkenness was the vice which led to breaches of discipline and crime, and the soldier, having but little to allure him in barracks, naturally made the public-house his resort. The Government commenced, in the following year, small grants for libraries, and the system, then only in its germ, gradually developed itself. Pensioner librarians were provided at the public cost, and books, periodicals, and newspapers, to the cost of about £2500 a year, were furnished at the charge of the Government. Some little doubt was apparently entertained in 1861, whether the libraries, which had at one time done much good, were then sufficiently appropriated or made so freely accessible to the soldier as he might wish; in fact, whether the management was of a satisfactory kind and an interest in its success imparted. A committee of officers was appointed, and they reported,\* offering various suggestions; viz., an increased supply of games, such as chess, draughts, backgammon, and rooms to be styled recreation-rooms, to be appropriated in barracks; books to cease to be supplied by the Government; regiments and garrisons to make their own selection, and Government to give a money grant in aid; the library committee to be elected, non-commissioned officers being eligible to serve as members. This new system may work well when a good committee happens to be found, but the selection of books hitherto has been wisely managed, nominally by Government, but really under the advice of men like Mr. Gleig, who know well the wants and requirements of the soldier.

The library system might fairly be expected to promote other rational amusements; and, as an evidence that it has done so, we have the "winter lectures." In 1861, the latest official return given to Parliament, no less than four hundred and sixty-one lectures were given to the troops at home, illustrated by magic-lanterns and other lecturing apparatus: slides of various kinds are also provided. As a specimen here is a list of a set sent to Gibraltar, which would circulate during the winter to Malta and Corfu, and the slides from these stations be interchanged also: South African Animals; Astronomy; Historical Places; Livingstone's Travels; Wild Sports, North America; English History; Tale of a Tub; Jack and the Bean-stalk. At home stations a similar interchange takes place.

As we have before remarked, no standing army of Europe, or indeed in the world, is so widely dispersed as the British army. We have made no allusion to the troops serving in India (about 72,500), the blood and sinew of this country, but, adding these numbers to the force which the Mutiny Act gives power to raise and keep for the defence of the home country and the colonies, in 1864-5 (146,700), we have in round numbers a total of 219,200. Out of these the proportion as above is for India, and the rest pretty well divided as follows: for home duty about 86,000, and for colonial duty 60,000; the proportion varying, of course, according to circumstances. For instance, in New Zealand so large a number as 10,500 would not be maintained but for the Maori warfare; and in Canada hardly 11,000 as a standing garrison, but that the country cannot feel confidence in its security during the maintenance of large armies

\* Military Opinions. By General Sir J. Burgoyne, G.C.B., Bart. London: Bentley. 1859.

† Report of Council of Military Education, presented to Parliament in 1862.

\* Presented to Parliament in 1862.



in America, and while the desire to annex Canada to the "free and enlightened republic" is avowed by a portion of the population of the Northern States.

Gibraltar and Malta, the great fortresses of the Mediterranean, absorb some 12,000 men; and whilst it remains the policy of this country to retain the key to that sea, and to hold the great *dépôt* at Malta, which at any time could be converted into a reserve for operations in the South of Europe and the East, Parliament will no doubt give power in that first clause of the Mutiny Act to raise and keep the numbers actually required. For the rest, with perhaps the exception of the Cape of Good Hope, with its 4500 troops, the colonies of England draw very slenderly on the resources of the "standing army." In the Australias the force is comparatively small, and, there being no danger to apprehend from native tribes, the population would, by means of volunteer corps, do much to hold its own against any hostile aggression.

In bringing to a close this sketch of the "standing army" as an institution of this country, and the safeguards which Parliament has erected to prevent any inroad on the part of the Crown on the rights of the people, when invested with the control of a large armed force, it may not be inopportune to quote from the speech delivered in the House of Lords by Earl Derby, on the day of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, in which, in eloquent language, he expressed not only his own views, but those of the distinguished hero whose remains had been just consigned to their last resting-place in St. Paul's:—"But I am no less convinced of the necessity of that principle which it was his constant duty to inculcate upon successive governments, viz., that, in order to maintain the security and permanence of peace, every nation must have within itself those means of self-defence and self-dependence which should not provoke aggression by weakness, more especially if to that weakness be added the possession of unbounded wealth. I trust that we shall bear this in mind, not in words only, but in our actions and policy, and that, setting aside all political and party considerations, we shall concur in this opinion—that, in order to be peaceful, England must be powerful; but that she ought to be powerful only to be more securely peaceful."

The establishment and efficiency of the volunteer corps, in addition to the regular standing army and the militia force, may serve as the best commentary on these wise and weighty words. When there was lately a fear lest this country might be again drawn into a foreign war, "The Army and Navy Gazette" made the following estimate of our available military strength:—"Out of 82,000 land forces at present in the United Kingdom, we have instantly available for foreign service 48,000 well-drilled and well-seasoned troops. This would still leave an immediate reserve of probably one-half of their strength in the shape of recruits alone. Above 102,000 militia have been trained and inspected this spring; and, lastly, the volunteers, numbering 160,000."

Let us trust this immense force, of above 300,000 trained and armed men, may never need to be reckoned except as the defence, under God, of our peaceful and prosperous country.

## LETTERS FROM BOMBAY.

### LETTER III.

My last letter to you was from Bombay. We have now come to Poona, and are comfortably settled here; but before I describe this place I must tell you of our journey.

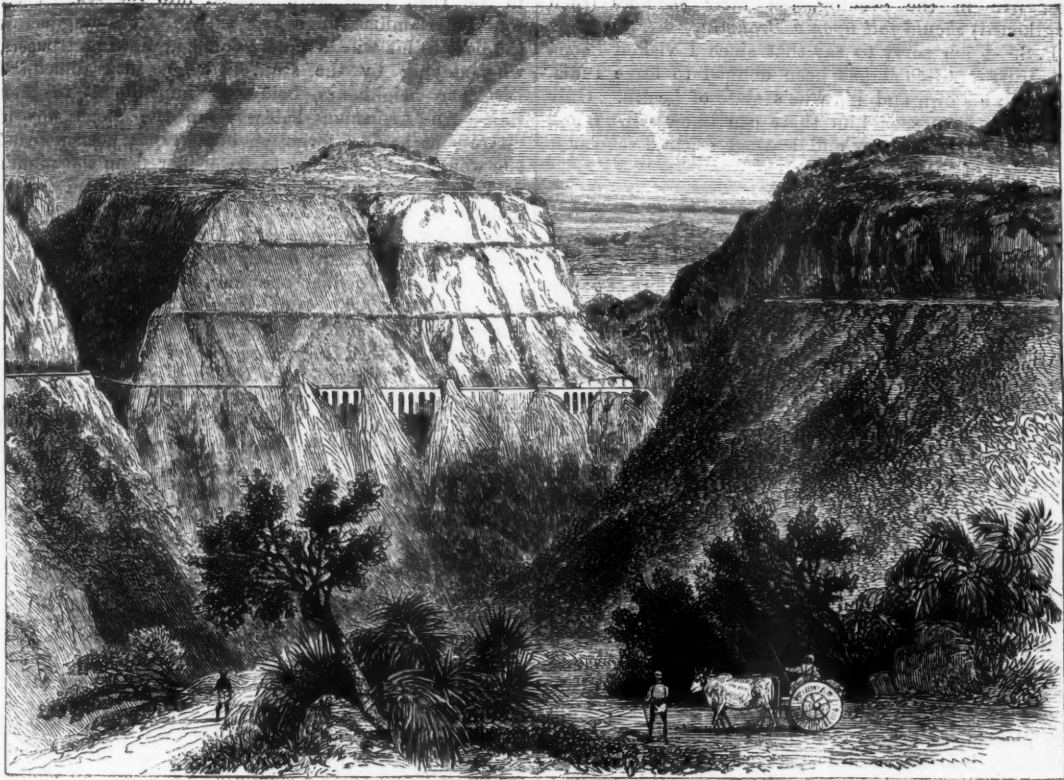
We started from Bombay by the night train, and travelled by a railway as common-place as those at home, till we reached the foot of the hills: here there was a great change. The railway on the Bhoze Ghaut incline is not yet finished, and in the meantime passengers go up the hill by the ancient and truly Indian conveyance called a *palki*: a palanquin is the name given to it at home, but I have never heard the word used in this country. Our *palkis* were waiting for us, and we soon found ourselves packed up into these curious little machines, and carried off at a quick pace by four wild-looking, scantily clad black men; they were lighted on their steep way by others carrying flaring torches, and all of them groaned and grunted as if we had been "as heavy as the Monument," as our Irish nurse said. We got to Khandalla about two in the morning, and found rooms ready for us in the travellers' bungalow at the station. The mountain wind was howling fearfully through them, and it was bitterly cold—at least, so it seemed to us, after Bombay. We were to rest here for the night, and pursue our journey by the railway next day. In the morning what a glorious view presented itself! Grand mountains and wild precipices all around us, glowing in light; and such a busy, bustling scene in the foreground: the hill village, all alive and astir with navvies—black navvies—and the steep road, crowded with carts of cotton pouring on to Bombay, besides passengers, cows, buffaloes, sheep, oxen, and goats: we were greatly entertained with watching them. Before the sun was high I had a long, delightful walk upon the hill-side, looking down into stupendous ravines above a thousand feet deep, and covered with beautiful wild green jungle; but I knew not, till I came back, that, at the very place where I had been enjoying myself so, a woman had been killed by a cheetah the last time that one of my companions had been there.

The ghauts here are the mountains which separate the Konkan from the Deccan, on which Poona stands: it is a great table-land, so that you go up the ascent without going down again on your way from Bombay. The Bhoze Ghaut incline is an actual ascent of 1832 feet, in a distance of fifteen and a half miles. You may fancy what a grand piece of engineering the new railway is, with all its viaducts, cuttings, and embankments. The incline is the steepest of any railway, as the gradient is 1 in 66·39. The rock is so hard that the road goes close to the edge. We went along it some distance; and it is fearful to look down into the great ravine, far, far below, the abode of cheetahs and cobras only. I send a sketch, which shows part of the line, and shows also the curious shapes of the mountains, marked by the "scarped rocks," with lines as regular and well-defined as the railway itself.

We pursued our journey to Poona in the afternoon. The road took us through a wild mountain region, where the lights and shadows of evening fell upon hills of every shape with the most fantastic outlines. Poona itself is 2500 feet above the sea, and the climate is quite different from that of Bombay—hotter at some seasons, colder at others, and always much drier. It stands on an elevated plain, with high hills round it. At this season they look very bare and burnt up. The vegetation is very different from that of Bombay. There are few palm-trees, and none of the graceful casuarinas here; so that it does not strike one's eye as being so markedly different from home.

We took a drive through the native city here, one day, to visit a great missionary institution. It is always very interesting to me to have a peep at these native towns, with their dense crowds, like the most crowded

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THE BHOKE GHAT RAILWAY, FROM THE GREAT RAVINE.

parts of London; but here my very soul was saddened by the crowds of idols—just big stones daubed with red paint—and the people bowing to them, literally “under every green tree.” We drove to a beautiful piece of water, with lovely trees all round it, and an island in the middle. A man came and told one of our party that it was a very sacred place: on that island was Gunputty’s temple, and the boat was Gunputty’s boat. Another said, in reply to some remarks, “You are a Christian: it would be wrong of you not to worship Christ, and it would be wrong of me not to worship Gunputty.” This adored Gunputty, or Ganesa, is a hideous idol with a man’s body and elephant’s head. He is worshipped as the god of prudence and of prosperity; and in putting the two together they are not so far wrong. Poona was formerly the centre of Mahratta power and of Brahmin influence; and, though it has been in the hands of the English for about half a century, one can see that it is more conspicuously idolatrous still than Bombay. It was a pleasing sight, then, to see in the midst of this city a large school of four hundred youths under Christian instruction; and, though not themselves Christians, we may trust that they may one day show that their teaching has not been in vain, by confessing with their mouths that Saviour whom we hope some of them already believe in with their hearts. We found them assembled in a school-room which would delight an artist’s eye. The house in which they are taught was one of the palaces of the peishwa, and is adorned in the best style of native art. The hall is surrounded by arches and cloisters of dark, old, carved wood; the roof is vaulted and richly painted; the various classes were held in beautifully ornamented rooms looking into a quadrangle, and approached by curious narrow stairs.

The excellent missionary at the head of this establishment is the Reverend Dr. Murray Mitchell, of the Free Church of Scotland, by which this mission is kept. It is very pleasing to see the love and admiration with which the young men look up to him, and the kind and fatherly way in which he speaks to them. I was much struck with the answer of one of them to his question, “Now tell me, my boys: I know many of you do not believe in idols; why, then, do you not give them up and become Christians?”

“I’ll tell you what it is, sahib,” said a fine lad at the head of his class: “while we are with you we hear these things from the missionaries, and when we go home *our mothers* tell us just the very opposite: we don’t know what to believe.”

Ah, the mothers’ influence—how subtle! how strong! What an argument is this for female missions!

After the boys had gone through some questioning, both on sacred and profane history, which they answered remarkably well, one of them was asked to read some native composition in English, and, to my surprise, read some very good and perfectly well expressed remarks upon the advantages of female education.

“What is that you are reading?” said Dr. Murray Mitchell, to whom it was new.

“It is an essay, sahib, by a young Brahmin in Bombay.”

This shows a wonderful progress; for female education was, until lately, held in horror among them. They told us some strange things about Brahmin power. I am sure the low castes must bless the day when the English took Poona: until then, it was a law here that none of the *Mangs* or *Mahars* (the two lowest castes) should enter this city before nine in the morning, or

after five in the evening, *lest their shadows* (then lengthened) *should fall upon a Brahmin*.

P.S.—I am sorry to say that since I visited Poona Dr. Murray Mitchell has been obliged to leave India, owing to his own and his wife's state of health. Only those who have seen him there can know what a loss this zealous missionary and learned oriental scholar is to India and the mission work.

### ON BOARD A PILGRIM SHIP.

ON my way home from Jerusalem I paid my fare at Joppa for a berth in a ship sailing for Alexandria. When the little felucca which carried my baggage and myself from the shore had threaded its way through that fringe of low, half-sunken rocks in front of the city, where the blue, sunny waters of Joppa everlastingly chafe and fret, and I reached the vessel, riding at anchor outside, I found, with dismay (after climbing the gangway and discharging my turbaned boatman with his fee), that the ship was crammed with pilgrims—literally swarming with them—who had taken passage on their journey back from the Holy City. Pilgrims look picturesque enough under certain conditions. It is quite a touching spectacle to behold them at times; for instance, wandering about over the Judean hills, or gathering around the holy places: Russian peasant-girls, with long plaited hair hanging down over their backs; Armenians and Greeks in gorgeous colours; dwellers by the Black Sea shore in their multitudinous wraps—all these are very pleasant to behold at a distance; but to be thrust ruthlessly into a confined space with four hundred of them, and there to abide, was quite another thing. The habits of pilgrims are well known, particularly their aversion to the destruction of insect life. Besides, there was the contingency of rough weather at sea in their company; by no means an agreeable prospect.

My Joppa boatman had deposited me, together with my effects, on the deck of the ship just by the gangway, where I stood transfixed, deafened by the babel of tongues, and gazing with amazement at the wonderful scene. The whole of the ship, fore and aft, was covered with pilgrims: they had climbed up on the roof of the cuddy and of the little ridge of deck-cabins; they had taken advantage of cases of merchandise and coils of rope, appropriating everything, in fact, that lay about.

It was with great difficulty I attracted the notice of an officer of the ship, and induced him to attend to me, so that my baggage, which ran a momentary risk of being adopted as vantage-ground, might be safely housed. When it had been removed into the cabin, the only place free from the plague of pilgrims, I picked my way to the edge of the quarter-deck for the purpose of observation.

This living freight had been taken on board earlier in the day; great raft-like boats had brought whole colonies on at once; and little frail vessels, bulging over with their motley cargo, were even now passing from shore to ship, being discreetly and cautiously rowed across the trembling waters by four or five Arab carsmen, whose forms were hidden by the standing crowd about them.

A perilous journey that! an untoward wave would have littered the sea with a medley of struggling pilgrims. Fortunately the water was calm, and the boats moved silently and steadily to the side of the ship, and so disgorged themselves on the gangway.

Every pilgrim in them was naturally eager to be the first on board; and it seemed marvellous to me that

in the rush none were pushed into the sea. There was Paterfamilias in a red turban, screaming across the boat to his wife, a portly dame in flowing trousers, who, staying by the stuff, had got into difficulties with her neighbours, being an impediment in their way. An Armenian half-way up the steps was in distress at having forgotten her wraps: poor woman! she would have nothing to cover her from the night's cold. Children by dozens were being bundled up, in defiance of their mothers, who cried out and tore their hair below. Armenians and Greeks, regarding each other, on principle, with deadly hate, jostled inadvertently and quarrelled, defiled one another with their touch, and mutually flashed out defiance. Every one clung desperately to his luggage; a natural attachment, inasmuch as the food provided for the journey was packed up in it; and woe betide the loser: he must starve.

Then, to crown the whole, a good deal of haggling had to be gone through with the boatman touching his fare. An Eastern dearly loves to haggle, and this was an occasion not to be lost for a display of gesticulation and vigour. Pilgrim protested he had paid enough; Charon swore he would not be satisfied with a para less than his full fare; and so at last all came safely on board.

The deck of the ship at this time presented a curious appearance: every available place was occupied, and the living mass seemed to be in a state of universal simmer, undergoing, in fact, the process of settling down on its lees for the voyage. This was not done, as may be imagined, without a considerable amount of tumult and commotion. Every one was naturally anxious to secure for himself and party a comfortable position, an eligible situation to leeward, or a snug corner sheltered from the possible storm; and so, the moment pilgrim had found this, and was in the act of appropriating it, the envious and wayward in his neighbourhood were of course anxious to prevent this desirable acquisition of territory. Thus it became expedient for him to hold his own against all comers; and in so doing frequently he was under the necessity of breaking the peace. In this manner often a well-to-do family in good position would breed discord all around, and a state of chronic malignity would ensue, which would fester during the voyage and finally ripen into open war.

The babble and disorder had by no means ceased when the ship got under weigh.

We left the roads of Joppa late in the afternoon, steaming away along the line of glittering gold into the south-west, and, looking back at evening, watched the last rosy tints of sunset glimmer upon the now distant buildings and cupolas of that hilly city that grace its hilly streets, and which appeared inverted in the sapphire waters sleeping below.

Our captain was a good fellow, an Italian, with a fiery red face; and, although somewhat hasty and irascible under present circumstances, he so far subdued his impetuosity at dinner-time as to apologize feelingly for the constricted accommodation we two or three cabin passengers were likely to receive on deck. "You see," said he, "there is plenty of room below, so you must take it out in that way;" which was a good hit of his in answer to our expostulation, for our dinner-party numbered but four, himself and chief officer included. There were two other cabin passengers, it is true, but, being Indians, their religious scruples did not permit them to eat with us: nabobs I suppose you would call them, for they were dressed in gorgeous attire, and had no end of servants at call lying about on deck.



It appeared that the majority of the pilgrims were bound for Smyrna, some, a few Copts, for Alexandria, and the rest for Constantinople, on their way to their different homes by the shores of the Black Sea; the greater part being Christians, of course, though some few Moslems had mixed up among the crowd. These also had been on pilgrimage to Jerusalem; for although the Judean city is not considered by them so holy as Mecca, yet four journeys to the former place are accounted, I believe, as efficacious to salvation as one pilgrimage to the Hejaz.

Before going to bed I went on deck to reconnoitre. The night apparently had brought rest to this weary multitude, and everything now seemed to be tranquil and calm. The only sounds which fell on my ear were the occasional bell tolling the hour of the watch, the monotonous thud of the engine, and the lapping of the waters about the keel as the vessel cleft its way through the tide, on which the starlight flickered and danced, reflected from the deep clear heavens above. So still was all around, that it was difficult to believe such a multitude of beating hearts and warm bodies were there, huddled together within the compass of that dim outline which the vessel marked out in the night.

There was a light at the binnacle, and an occasional glimmer shone from the cook-cuddy; otherwise I had nothing to guide my steps but the stars. By the help of these, however, in the mysterious twilight I began to discover indistinct groups of pilgrims lying about closely packed. I picked my way slowly and carefully along this living deck by a little narrow pathway that had been left between the converging feet of the sleepers for the necessary transit of the officers of the ship; and, my eye getting more accustomed to the gloom, I soon recognised before me the same style of domestic management in the matter of sleep that I had previously admired in the church of the Holy Sepulchre on the evening of Good Friday in Greek Easter-week. At this season whole bodies of pilgrims, in their anxiety to be present and witness the miraculous descent of fire on the sepulchre, throng the vast church overnight, filling every chapel and corridor, and so settle down in their places in order that they may be ready, and not run the chance of being excluded from the Saturday's festival. The manner in vogue among families with regard to their sleeping arrangements is this:—They first make ready two square counterpanes of sufficient size, thickly padded with loose cotton, and quilted. One of these is spread over the floor, and the pilgrims proceed to arrange themselves upon it, lying crosswise, head to foot, as sardines do in a case. So, having comfortably adjusted their legs and cunningly placed any effects they may have underneath their heads, to serve for a pillow, the coverlid is put on, and the family bury themselves below, forming a sort of living sandwich, in fact. If you should go near and disturb the nest, a head will pop out here and there, at unexpected places, and expostulate with you.

Occasionally, as I picked my way carefully along in the darkness, one and another pilgrim would start up hastily and mutter something at me in an unknown tongue. Here and there people were sitting up gossiping in an undertone; but my excursion was rendered the more perilous in consequence of the number of little children whom I found littered about in my pathway. The little cherubs had broken loose, as it were, from their sleeping mothers, and were engaged in making a pilgrimage on their own account. They had been baptized in the Jordan; and it was perhaps in consideration of this that the parents took so little care of them as to permit them to be toddling and rolling about in the

night all alone, regardless of the heavy dews of evening falling around.

Morning at sea! calm, tranquil, sunny morning! who that, in his pilgrimage through this work-a-day world, has chanced on such in the regions where the golden gates of the East open wide, and pour upon him their full flood of amber light, will have forgotten its syren spell? The memory of such a morning comes over one like a dream of childhood, a fresh green spot in the weary desert, an oasis where the well bubbles up and sparkles, and where the palm-trees grow.

I was up betimes and on deck. The Moslems already appeared engaged in their devotions. No muezzin was there to sound out the morning cry, "Rise and pray: prayer is better than sleep;" but, on every high place that was accessible to them, one or two of these people were bowing prostrate with their faces towards the holy place at Mecca, dipping their foreheads in the dust, and performing imaginary ablutions with their hands.

The heart of the pilgrims seemed to rejoice in the unusual quiet succeeding their last night's repose: after so much drudgery, they were now at length free for a time to abstain from labour.

The majority, it appeared to me, consisted of women past middle age, who had mostly children with them. Comparatively few stalwart men were there; but old men by dozens I could count, and old women too, withered and worn, to whom the fatigues of a journey like the present, the exposure to the heats of day and damps of night, and the uncertain food, not to speak of severe bodily toil, and the many harassing privations necessary to travel, could bring little else than lingering sickness or death. Indeed, I was given to understand that it was no uncommon incident for two or three to die during a voyage such as this.

Likely enough many of these people had been hoarding up their savings during a whole lifetime, in order that they might make this last effort; so, having visited the holy places, and brought *souvenirs* with them from the sacred land, they were now returning to their far-off homes self-satisfied and confident, tranquilly hoping to spend the evening-time in peace.

Mid-day was apparently the favourite meal-time, and it was curious to go round and witness how each family or party fared. A little carpet or cloth had usually been spread on deck for the repasts, and around this four or five or more, as the case might be, were seated with their legs tucked up under them, plunging their hands in turn into the common dish, and so, according to nature's arrangement, conveying the food to their mouths—a process they all seemed to take very kindly to; and the children were not by any means backward at this accomplishment: you could watch their little nimble fists manœuvre backwards and forwards doubly as fast as the more sedate fingers of their elders.

The ship authorities supplied the pilgrims with fresh water; but, in respect of everything else in the way of provisions, they fed from the store each one had laid in for himself and brought on board at Joppa. What would come to pass in the event of any one falling short, or how he would manage, I never knew; but probably all chances had been calculated. Some had brought with them jars of wine, and I noticed a few families who feasted very sumptuously. Bread crumbled up in water, with dates, and a kind of cheese for a second course, seemed to suit the prevailing taste. Then there were delicacies, in the way of dried fish, soaked in water for the purpose of softening it, served up cold, of course, as no cooking was allowed on board the ship, and pilgrims could not get at the fire. Indeed, scarcely any one ever moved out of the

place into which at first he had settled down. Whether this immobility was compulsory or not I do not know. The children frisked about noisily enough, it is true; but then, who could constrain them? It was quite a pleasant thing to contemplate their merry faces and pretty ways. There was an Armenian woman who dwelt in a corner of the quarter-deck, in company with her sister. She had three daughters, the sprightliest little people imaginable: the eldest, a winsome maiden of fifteen, with a lovely face—very dirty, by the way—sporting about like a little unwashed fairy, gambolling waywardly into every part of the ship, with her long black hair flying wildly about her, in defiance of all.

The most important personage on deck, indisputably, was a Turk, a middle-aged man, who, somebody informed me, held the office of judge, or justice of the peace, in Smyrna. He had a large establishment with him, and a particular pen or fold had been organized on the quarter-deck for his especial use. This was constructed much after the same fashion as a sheep-fold, with hurdles—or, rather, something partaking both of the nature of a hurdle and a park railing—to fence him round. It was very low, so that one might look over; and at night they rigged a sail over the top, to serve as a roof to the dwelling.

The Turk's travelling harem consisted of four lawful spouses, and about ten female Abyssinian slaves, with three or four children. Turk was a fine man, with a pale, melancholy-looking face, and eyes which flashed darkly from under his snowy turban. He was dressed loosely in white Levantine costume, and his seat was on a heap of pillows in a corner of the pen. He presented a graphic picture of a listless, used-up man; and though I saw him at times take up a book to read, he would as frequently put it down, with an air of *ennui* such as a West End exquisite might strive to imitate, but would labour in vain to surpass. His favourite wife had occasionally the honour of two minutes' conversation with her lord, but otherwise he was persistently silent.

The four wives sat in a line with their husband, and so occupied one whole side of the establishment. A number of silken pillows were littered along, so as to form a divan for their use. Eastern ladies, as I suppose every one is aware, do not condescend to *sit*, in the sense which Westerns take the word to indicate, but recline, or, rather, to use a broad expression, *squat*, with their feet gathered up under them. These ladies all wore alike the Syrian dress: white flowing trousers and boddice, or *yelik*, I believe it is called, girt round the waist with a sumptuous Damascus scarf. Their veil, not the *yashmak*, was of some white fabric, and was carried over the head and covered the lower part of the face crosswise. They laughed and chatted together continually, with great animation; so that it is a mere compliment to say they were veiled. The two nearest to their lord I took to be Circassians. Although no longer fresh and pretty of feature, they were possessed of a refinement of expression of a very high class, were graceful in every movement, and dignified of carriage; there shone out far more intelligence in their aspect than is to be met with in the women of the Levant, and the peculiar half-melancholy cast of feature, almost inseparable to Circassian girls, was toned down in their faces into content or resignation.

The principal employment of all four—the other two, I believe, were Syrian women—seemed to be gossip: they prattled and laughed like children, gesticulating at the same time, to give force to their expressions, after the manner of the East. Their delicate jewelled hands were busy occasionally with a little piece of ladies' work,

embroidery of some sort; but this did not seem to progress much onward towards completion during the time I stayed on board. They were treated by the slaves with great deference and respect, and the little children came sometimes to play with them, and indulge in a romp and tumble on their divan.

As for the slaves, they were partly Nubian and partly Abyssinian girls, splendid figures some of them, tall and shapely, comely of face and limb, such forms as you may see in French bronzes holding lamps. They were dressed in very picturesque attire: white or striped raiment, with gorgeously tintured turbans, and scarfs for the waist, silk fabrics from the Damascus looms, chosen, with that wonderfully correct taste which Easterns possess in the arrangement of colour, so as to harmonize with each other and with the dark skin of the wearers. These people seemed the happiest of the party: they laughed and played practical jokes at each other's expense, and skipped about with great animation. Their business was to attend to the children, and to prepare and serve out food for the refreshment of the party. A number of brass vessels of classical shape and form stood in one corner of the pen, and there was a store of viands and water: this, in fact, was the pantry, the kitchen, and the scullery of the establishment, and was ruled over by butlers, and cooks, and laundry-maids—for they had a great wash on board—and servants of all work, and was in constant requisition, some dish or potion being perpetually administered to Turk or his four lawful spouses. One or two of the slaves occupied themselves with needle-work, and the small fry, who, by the way, were mostly black, ran and tumbled about everywhere.

One other fold or pen had been constructed on deck, and this was inhabited by some dervishes and imauns, very holy men, whom the mere touch of a Christian would effectually contaminate. These were looked up to by the Moslems on board with unbounded respect; and at prayer-times all glanced at them for the first sign.

Every high place, where a sight could be got, over the heads of the rest, of the Meccan horizon, was during this season of devotion—which occurred at least three times a day—sought out anxiously and appropriated; and this propensity of the Moslems to spread their praying-carpet on each exalted spot they could find worried our good captain dreadfully. There was a certain bridge thrown over the vessel amidships, where he loved to walk on grand occasions, with his telescope under his arm; and at these seasons he would be sure to find the place littered with a number of prostrate Arabs, in all stages of genuflexion; and it needed the utmost vigilance of the crew to circumvent these people, and keep the captain's bridge at all clear.

On the second morning, at sunrise, the glittering minarets and mosques of Alexandria were on the horizon. And when our vessel steamed into harbour, picking its way dexterously through the labyrinth of shipping, the great monarch of day, "girt for travel," was advancing his crest just over the old Pharos point, and casting long shadows of pinnacles and palm-trees into the water. In the city the hubbub and clamour of daily Eastern life had already begun, and from the ships and from the shore sounded out the droning song of the workman engaged in his day's toil.

By-and-by a little felucca delivered me up to the embraces of my old enemies the donkey-boys; and, under the circumstances, I resigned myself to my fate with great calmness, and bade a final adieu to the Pilgrim Ship.